



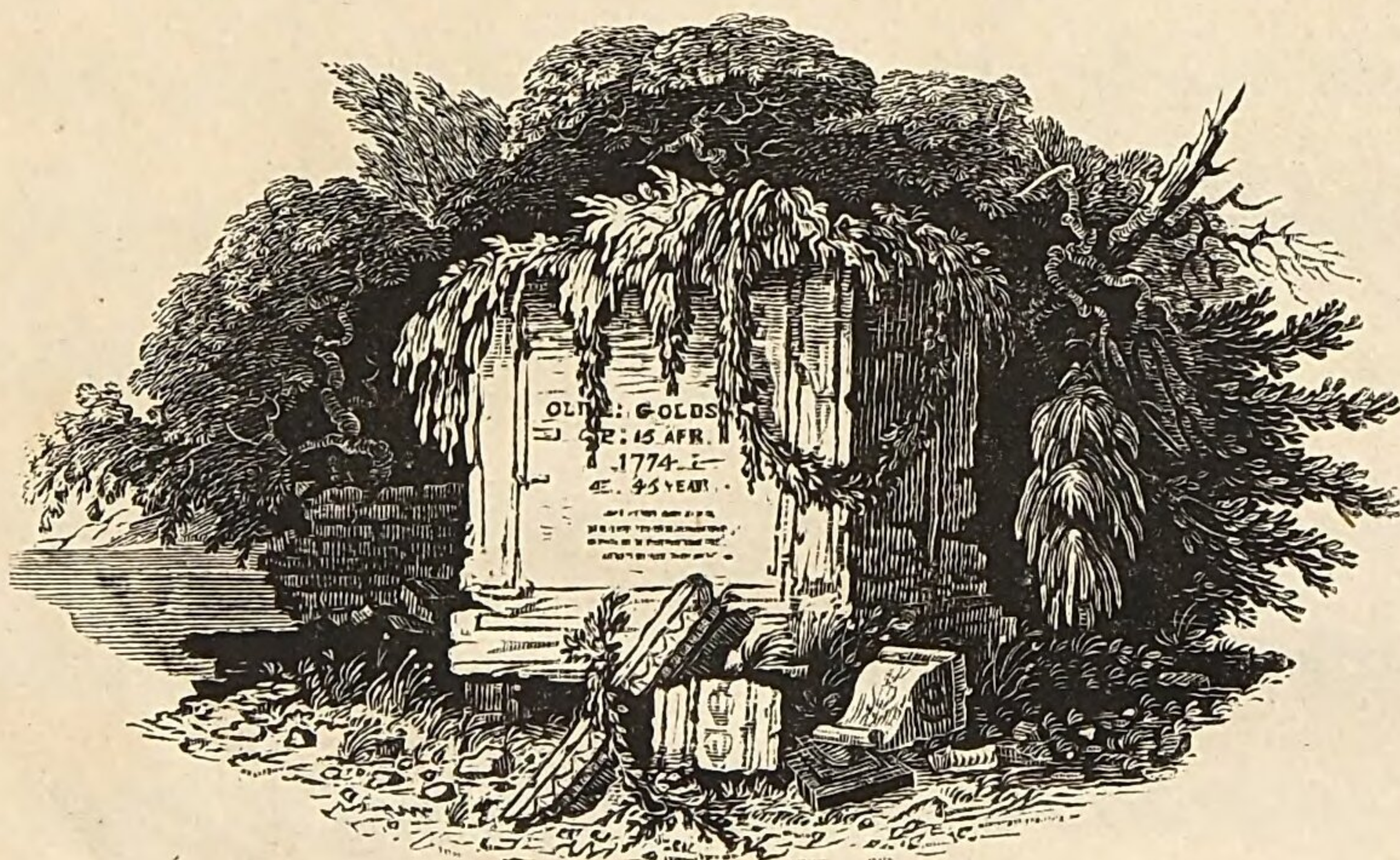
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POEMS
BY
GOLDSMITH
AND
PARNELL.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND CO.

Shakspeare Printing Office,

CLEVELAND-ROW.

1795.



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TO
MESSRS. BOYDELLS AND NICOL.

GENTLEMEN,

The Shakspeare Printing Office owes its origin to the publication of that great National Edition of the Works of Shakspeare, which you are now, so much to the honour of our country, happily conducting toward its completion; I therefore feel a propriety and peculiar gratification, in the present opportunity of dedicating to you a production from that Press, which you have been so instrumental in establishing.

*I have the honour to be,
with very sincere regard,
Gentlemen,
your obliged servant,*

Feb. 1, 1795.

W. BULMER.

ADVERTISEMENT

To raise the Art of Printing in this country from the neglected state in which it had long been suffered to continue, and to remove the opprobrium which had but too justly been attached to the late productions of the English press, much has been done within the last few years; and the warm emulation which has discovered itself amongst the Printers of the present day, as well in the remote parts of the kingdom as in the metropolis, has been highly patronized by the public in general. The present volume, in addition to the SHAKSPEARE, the MILTON, and many other valuable works of elegance, which have already been given to the world, through the medium of the Shakspeare Press, are particularly meant to combine the various

beauties of PRINTING, TYPE-FOUNDING, ENGRAVING, and PAPER-MAKING; as well with a view to ascertain the near approach to perfection which those arts have attained in this country, as to invite a fair competition with the best Typographical Productions of other nations. How far the different Artists, who have contributed their exertions to this great object, have succeeded in the attempt, the Public will now be fully able to judge. Much pains have been bestowed on the present publication, to render it a complete Specimen of the Arts of Type and Block-printing.

The whole of the Types, with which this work has been printed, are executed by Mr. William Martin, in the house of my friend Mr. George Nicol, whose unceasing endeavours to improve the Art of Printing, and its relative

branches, are too well known to require any thing to be said on the present occasion; he has particularly patronized Mr. Martin, a very ingenious young Artist, who has resided with him seven years, and who is at this time forming a Foundry, by which he will shortly be enabled to offer to the world a Specimen of Types, that will in a very eminent degree unite utility, elegance, and beauty.

The ornaments are all engraved on blocks of wood, by two of my earliest acquaintances, Messrs. Bewicks, of Newcastle upon Tyne and London, after designs made from the most interesting passages of the Poems they embellish. They have been executed with great care, and I may venture to say, without being supposed to be influenced by ancient friendship, that they form the most extraordinary

effort of the art of engraving upon wood, that ever was produced in any age, or any country. Indeed it seems almost impossible that such delicate effects could be obtained from blocks of wood.

Of the Paper it is only necessary to say, that it comes from the manufactory of Mr. Whatman.

W. B.

THE
L I F E
OF
O. GOLDSMITH,
M. B.

LIFE OF DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was the third son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a divine of great respectability, though but in narrow circumstances. He was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in the kingdom of Ireland, in the year 1729, and was instructed in the classicks, at the school of Mr. Hughes. On the 11th of June, 1744, he was admitted a Sizer of Trinity College, Dublin, under the tuition of Dr. Radcliffe, where he was contemporary with Mr. Edmund Burke. At college he exhibited no specimens of that genius which distinguished him in his maturer years. According to his own whimsical account of himself, “ though he made no great figure in mathematicks, which was a study much in repute there, he could turn an ode of Horace into English better than any of them.” On the 27th of February, 1749, O. S. (two years after the regular time,) he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. At this period of his life he turned his thoughts to the profession of physick; and after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, he proceeded to Edinburgh, in the year 1751, where he pursued the study of the several branches of medicine, under the different professors in that university. At this period of his life, the same want of thought and circumspection, and the same heedless beneficence operated, that in his latter years continued to involve him in difficulties. He, imprudently engaging to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow student, who failed to exonerate him from the demand, found himself under the necessity of hastily quitting Scotland, to avoid the horrors of a jail.

Sunderland was the place in which he took refuge, and there he arrived in the beginning of the year 1754. His sudden flight had left him no means of providing for his present wants, and he was driven to the greatest

extremity. It was at this period, it is imagined, that he was reduced to an embarrassment, which will be best related in the words of the person who originally gave the anecdote to the publick.

“ Upon his first going to England he was in such distress, that he would have gladly become an usher to a country school; but so destitute was he of friends to recommend him, that he could not without difficulty obtain even this low department. The master of the school scrupled to employ him, without some testimonial of his past life. Goldsmith referred him to his tutor at college for a character; but all this while he went under a feigned name. From this resource, therefore, one would think that little in his favour could be even hoped for: but he only wanted to serve a present exigency—an ushership was not his object.

“ In this strait he writes a letter to Dr. Radcliffe, imploring him, as he tendered the welfare of an old pupil, not to answer a letter which he would probably receive the same post with his own, from the schoolmaster. He added, that he had good reasons for concealing, both from him and the rest of the world, his name, and the real state of his case; every circumstance of which he promised to communicate upon some future occasion. His tutor, embarrassed enough before to know what answer he should give, resolved at last to give none. And thus was poor Goldsmith snatched from between the horns of his present dilemma, and suffered to drag on a miserable life for a few probationary months.

“ It was not till after his return to London, from his rambles over great part of the world, and after having got some sure footing on this slippery globe, that he at length wrote to Dr. Radcliffe, to thank him for not answering the schoolmaster's letter, and to fulfil his promise of giving the history of the whole transaction. It contained a comical narrative of his adventures, from his leaving Ireland to that time.” It is to be regretted that

accident has since destroyed this narrative, which the gentleman to whom it was written, admired more than any part of our author's works.

But although Dr. Goldsmith had escaped from Scotland into England, he could not secure himself from the fangs of the law. The vigilance of his creditor, a tailor, followed him, and he was arrested for the money, on account of which he had become security. From this difficulty he was released by the friendship of Mr. Laughlin Maclane and Dr. Sleigh, who were then at the college of Edinburgh. As soon as he was at liberty, he took his passage on board a Dutch ship to Rotterdam, from whence, after a short stay, he proceeded to Brussels. He then visited a great part of Flanders; and after passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain, at which last place he obtained a degree of Bachelor in Physick, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva.

It is said, on unquestionable authority, that our ingenious author performed the greater part of his travels on foot; and he himself alludes to this circumstance in one of his early works. "Countries," says he, "wear different appearances to travellers of different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions.—*Haud inexpertus loquor.*" It has been asserted, that he was enabled to pursue his travels, partly by demanding at universities to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when, luckily for him, his challenge was not accepted; so that, as it has been observed, he disputed his passage through Europe.

He had left England with little money; but being at that time of a rambling disposition, and having probably no settled scheme of life, he neither foresaw, nor feared, any difficulties. He possessed also a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a mind not easily terrified by danger. Thus

qualified, he formed the design of seeing the manners of different countries. He had acquired some knowledge of the French language, and of musick; he played also on the German flute, which he found a very useful accomplishment, as at times it afforded him the means of subsistence, which all his other qualities would have failed to acquire for him. His learning, though not profound, produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses that he visited; and his musick made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. “Whenever I approached a peasant’s house towards nightfall,” he used to say, “I played one of my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day; “but in truth,” his constant expression, “I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them.”

On his arrival at Geneva, it is said he was recommended as a travelling tutor to a young man, of mean birth and sordid disposition, who, after he had arrived at years of maturity, unexpectedly came into possession of a considerable fortune. With this person our author proceeded to the South of France, where a disagreement arose between the tutor and pupil, which ended in their parting from each other. Once more our ill-fated traveller was left to encounter the difficulties of a friendless stranger in a foreign country. He had by this time satisfied his curiosity, and accordingly bent his steps towards England, where he arrived some time about the year 1757.

His situation was now altered, but not improved. He was still a stranger, and still destitute. “The world was all before him,” but the means of present subsistence were not easy to be obtained. He applied to several apothecaries to be received as a journeyman; but his broad Irish accent, and uncouth appearance, operated against his reception. In this forlorn

state he was at length obliged to submit to the humble condition of an assistant in the laboratory of a chymist near Fish-street Hill. From this drudgery he was released by the kindness of his friend Dr. Sleigh, who received him into his family, and undertook to support him, until some means could be devised for his maintenance. In a short time he accepted the employment of usher to a boarding-school, kept by Dr. Milner, a dissenting teacher, at Peckham. Though this station, when viewed in its proper light, can be esteemed neither dishonourable nor disgraceful, yet, it is remarkable, it was the only one which Goldsmith shrunk from the recollection of, when he attained a more prosperous state.

It is imagined, that while he was usher to Dr. Milner, he first engaged in the pursuits of literature. The earliest performance by him, now to be discovered, is "The Memoirs of a Protestant, condemned to the Galleys of France for his Religion. Written by himself. Translated from the Original, just published at the Hague, by James Willington;" 1758, two volumes 12^{mo}, for which Mr. Edward Dilly paid him twenty guineas. In 1759 appeared "An Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe;" and in October of the same year he began "The Bee," a weekly publication, which ceased at the end of eight numbers. In the next year he became known to Dr. Smollett, who was then publishing "The British Magazine;" and for that work our author composed several of the essays, which he afterwards collected into a volume. He also engaged as an assistant in the Critical Review; and it is believed wrote some articles in the Monthly Review.

In the commencement of his literary career, he determined to observe the rules of economy very rigidly, and with that view took a lodging in Green-arbour Court, in the Old Bailey, where the greater part of his most successful pieces were written. He had been introduced to Mr. Newbery, a man who truly deserved the eulogium bestowed by Dr. Warburton on the booksellers

in general, as “one of the best judges and rewarders of merit,” by whom he was employed to write in the Public Ledger the Chinese Letters, afterwards collected under the title of “The Citizen of the World;” and soon after he obtained the friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who encouraged him in his pursuits, applauded his exertions, and occasionally assisted him with his advice.

Our author, however, did not soon emerge from obscurity. He continued in his humble abode in Green-arbour Court, until about the middle of the year 1762, when he removed to a handsome set of chambers in the Middle Temple. His name was still but little known, except among the booksellers, until the year 1765, when his genius displayed itself in its full vigour by the publication of “The Traveller, or a Prospect of Society;” a poem begun in Switzerland, and which was revised by Dr. Johnson; who pronounced this eulogium on it, “that there had not been so fine a poem since Pope’s time.”

In the year 1767, our author, who had now assumed the title of Doctor, made his first, and, probably, his only effort towards obtaining a permanent establishment. On the death of Mr. Mace, Gresham Professor of Civil Law, he became a candidate to succeed him; but without success. In 1768, his first play, *The Good Natured Man*, was acted at Covent Garden, with less approbation than it deserved. Dr. Johnson’s opinion of this performance was, that it was the best comedy that had appeared since the *Provoked Husband*; and that there had not been of late any such character on the stage as that of Croaker. In the succeeding year he had the honorary Professorship of History in the Royal Academy conferred on him; and in this year his beautiful poem, the *Deserted Village*, was first printed.

The estimation in which he was held by the booksellers was at this time so great, that he was solicited to engage in a variety of works, some of which,

it cannot be denied, were executed in a hasty and slovenly manner. His reputation however was but little diminished to the end of his life. His emoluments were very great; and had he possessed only a small portion of prudence, he might have ensured that independence, the want of which embittered his latter days, and contributed in some measure to shorten his life.

His generosity, not to call it profusion, was without bounds; and he had constantly a set of miserable dependants, whose wants he supplied, even to the distressing himself. He had also unfortunately contracted a habit of gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted; and consequently became the prey of some who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance. An habitual carelessness with respect to money matters, at all times appears to have been his predominant failing. Though, as already observed, the emoluments arising from his writings were very great, yet his income bore no proportion to his expences. He became embarrassed in his circumstances, and in consequence uneasy, fretful, and peevish. To this was added a violent strangury, with which he was some years afflicted, and which, with other misfortunes, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this state he was attacked by a nervous fever, which, being improperly treated, terminated in his dissolution the 4th of April, 1774, in the forty-fifth year of his age. It was first intended by his friends to bury him in Westminster Abbey; his pall was to have been supported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Honourable Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but a slight inspection into his affairs showed the impropriety of that design. He was therefore privately interred, in the burial ground belonging to the Temple; when Mr. Hugh Kelly, Messrs. John and Robert Day, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes; gentlemen, who had been his friends in life, attended his corpse as mourners, and paid the last tribute to his memory.

Dr. Johnson's character of Goldsmith, as an author, a few years after his death, is highly honourable to him. "He was," says that admirable writer, "a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best, that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."

Mr. Boswell has also portrayed our author; and some of his traits of his character will be readily recognized by his surviving friends. "No man had the art of displaying with more advantage, as a writer, whatever literary acquisition he made.—*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*. His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre, appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*; and from vanity, and an eager desire of being conspicuous where-ever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short; his countenance coarse and vulgar; his deportment that of a scholar, awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible."—"He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized; but his affections

were social and generous; and when he had money, he gave it away very liberally."

To these accounts, we shall add the following pleasant description of our author, by the sprightly pen of David Garrick.

Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go, fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow.
Right and wrong shall be jumbled; much gold, and some dross;
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross:
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions;
A great lover of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions.
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking;
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste,
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste.
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to his head, and set fire to his tail:
For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name.
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here.

A few years after his death a monument, by Nollikens, was erected in Westminster Abbey, by a collection made by his friends; and upon it is inscribed the following epitaph, written by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH

POETÆ, PHYSICI, HISTORICI,

QUI NULLUM FERE SCRIBENDI GENUS

NON TETIGIT,

NULLUM QUOD TETIGIT NON ORNAVIT;

SIVE RISUS ESSENT MOVENDI,

SIVE LACRYMÆ,

AFFECTUUM POTENS, AT LENIS DOMINATOR;

INGENIO SUBLIMIS, VIVIDUS, VERSATILIS;

ORATIONE GRANDIS, NITIDUS, VENUSTUS;

HOC MONUMENTO MEMORIAM COLUIT

SODALIUM AMOR,

AMICORUM FIDES,

LECTORUM VENERATIO.

NATUS HIBERNIA, FORNELÆ LONFORDIENSIS

IN LOCO CUI NOMEN PALLAS,

NOV. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.

EBLANÆ LITERIS INSTITUTUS,

OBIIT LONDINI,

APR. IV. MDCCLXXIV.

THE
TRAVELLER;
OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

BY
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

PRINTED IN

1765.

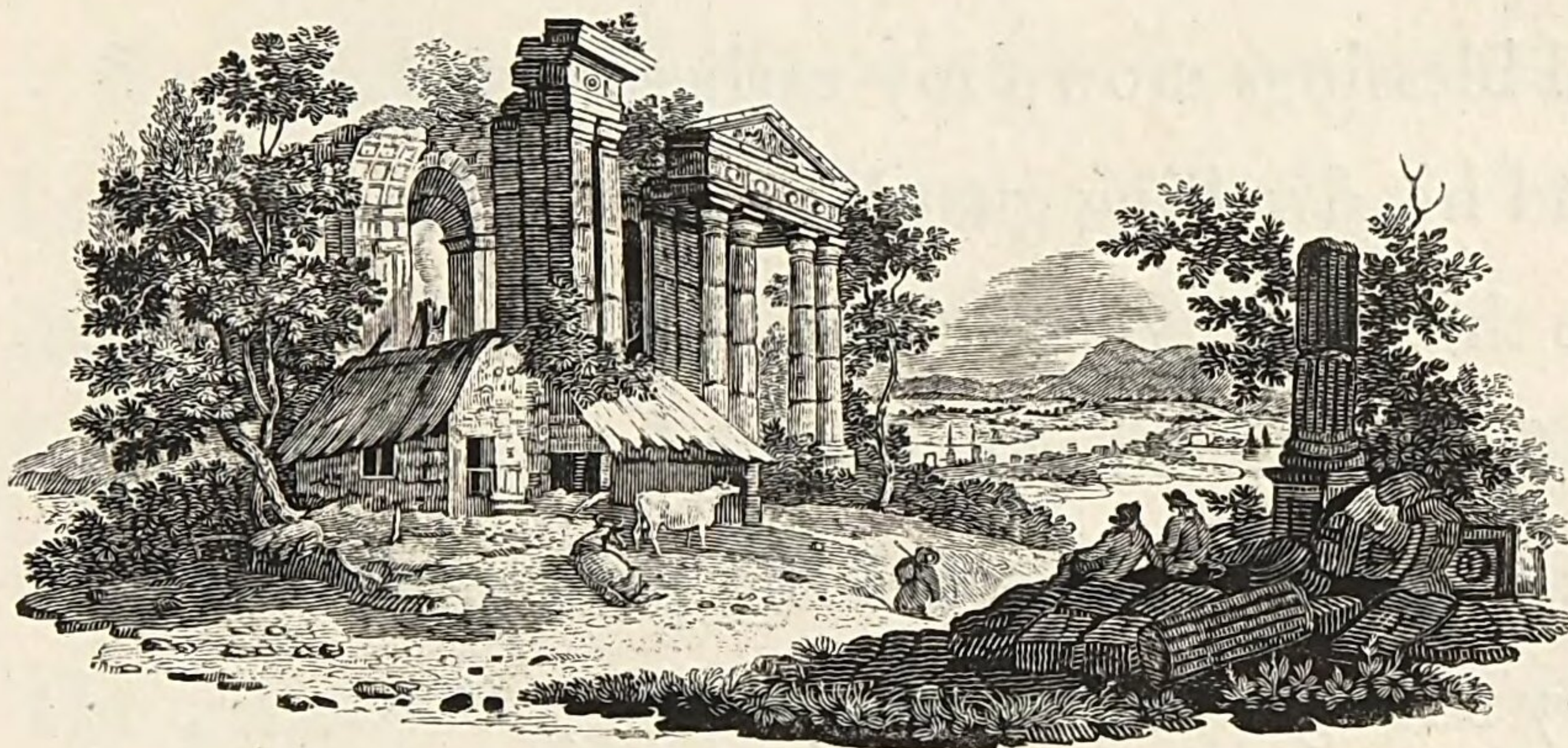
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T. Bewick, sculp.

THE TRAVELLER.

*Published January 1, 1795, by William Bulmer, at the
Shakspeare Printing Office, Cleveland Row.*



THE TRAVELLER.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste, expanding to the skies;
Where-e'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads to traverse realms, alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down, a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward, where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophick mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetick mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd;
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims, that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,

Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where-e'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind, alike to all
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs, as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art, more various are the blessings sent,
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks, where commerce long prevails.
Hence, every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us view these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit, in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands, sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatrick pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering top between,
With venerable grandeur marks the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil:
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows;
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance, planning sins anew.

All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence, departed, leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, nor far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command, the palace learn'd to rise;
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While naught remain'd, of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethorick ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these, the feeble heart, and long-fall'n mind,
An easy compensation seem to find:
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade;

Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress, or a saint, in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child.
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There, in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And wondering, man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal:
But calm, and bred in ignorance, and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle, trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den, where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And, as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.

Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure, when redress'd.
Whence, from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies :
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those powers, that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
Unfit for raptures ; or, if raptures cheer,
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimproved, the manners run ;

And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted, from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please;
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd, beneath the burden of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffick round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased; they give, to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.

And the weak soul, within itself unblest'd,
Leans, for all pleasure, on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep, where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms, amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.

While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around, the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence, all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here!
At gold's superiour charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves;

And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes, that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgick sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspis glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle musick melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined;
Extremes are only in the master's mind;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand;

Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control;
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd, indeed, were such without alloy;
But, foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy:
That independence, Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life, unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrensy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,

Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence, all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie;
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them, to secure:

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think, must govern those who toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power, to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom, when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;

Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

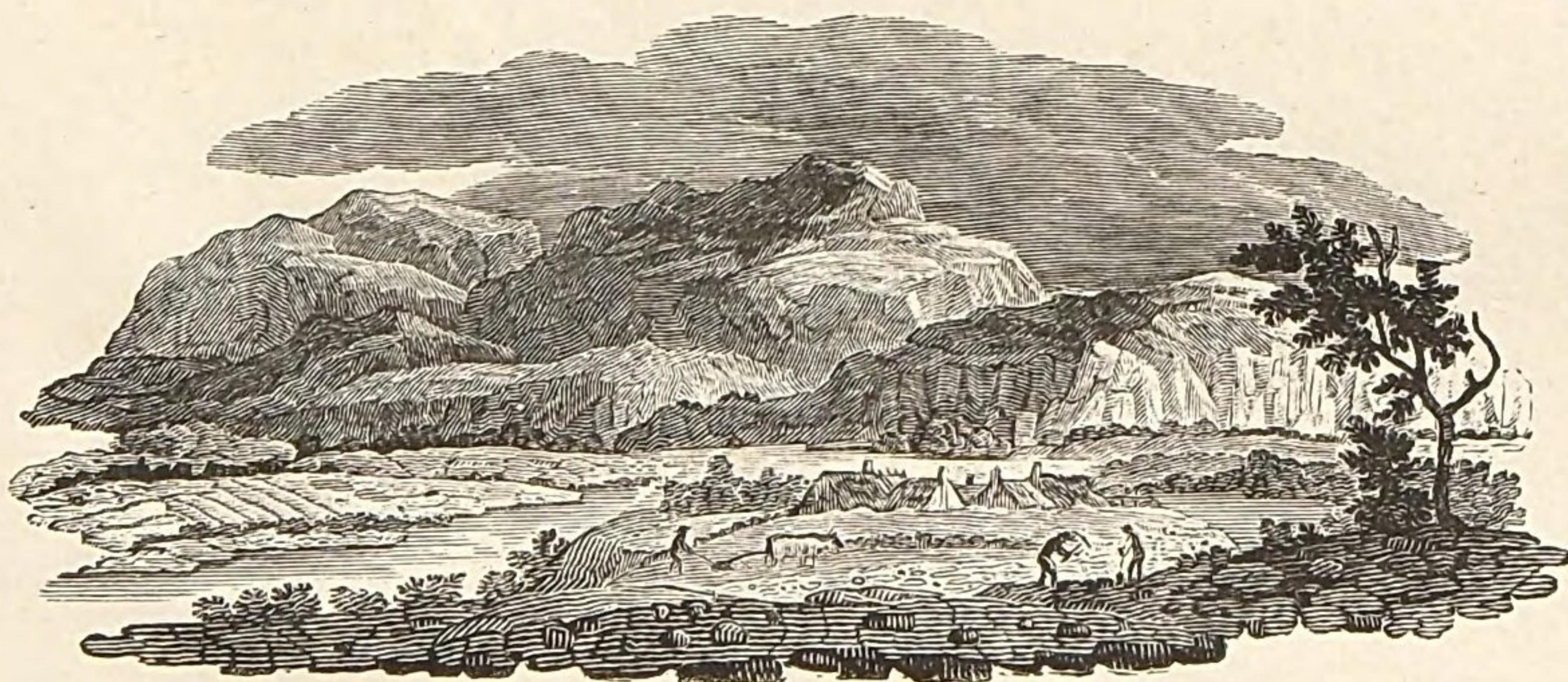
Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts, with man, divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part, which laws or kings can cause or cure.

Still, to ourselves, in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make, or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestick joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power, but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.



THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

PRINTED IN

1769.

LB
Cob



R. Johnson, del.

T. Bewick, sculp.

THE DEPARTURE.

*Published January 1, 1795, by William Bulmer, at the
Shakspeare Printing Office, Cleveland Row.*



THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!

How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made.
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smuttred face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes, with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;

And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.

These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore ;
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose ;

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:
And as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine;
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;

Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd!

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all, in sweet confusion, sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.



John Bewick, del. et sculp.

THE SAD HISTORIAN.

*Published January 1, 1795, by William Bulmer, at the
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LB
Cob

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,

He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustick ran;
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence, that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings, when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran, that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rusticks, ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But pass'd is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd, with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;

The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures, placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay:
While broken tea cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolick o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, can this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss : the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth ;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies :
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please, while youth confirms her reign,

Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd;
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion, that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There, the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure, scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure, these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! to distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts, with fainting steps, they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns, that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;

Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where, at each step, the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where, crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell; and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;

And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot, where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes, with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

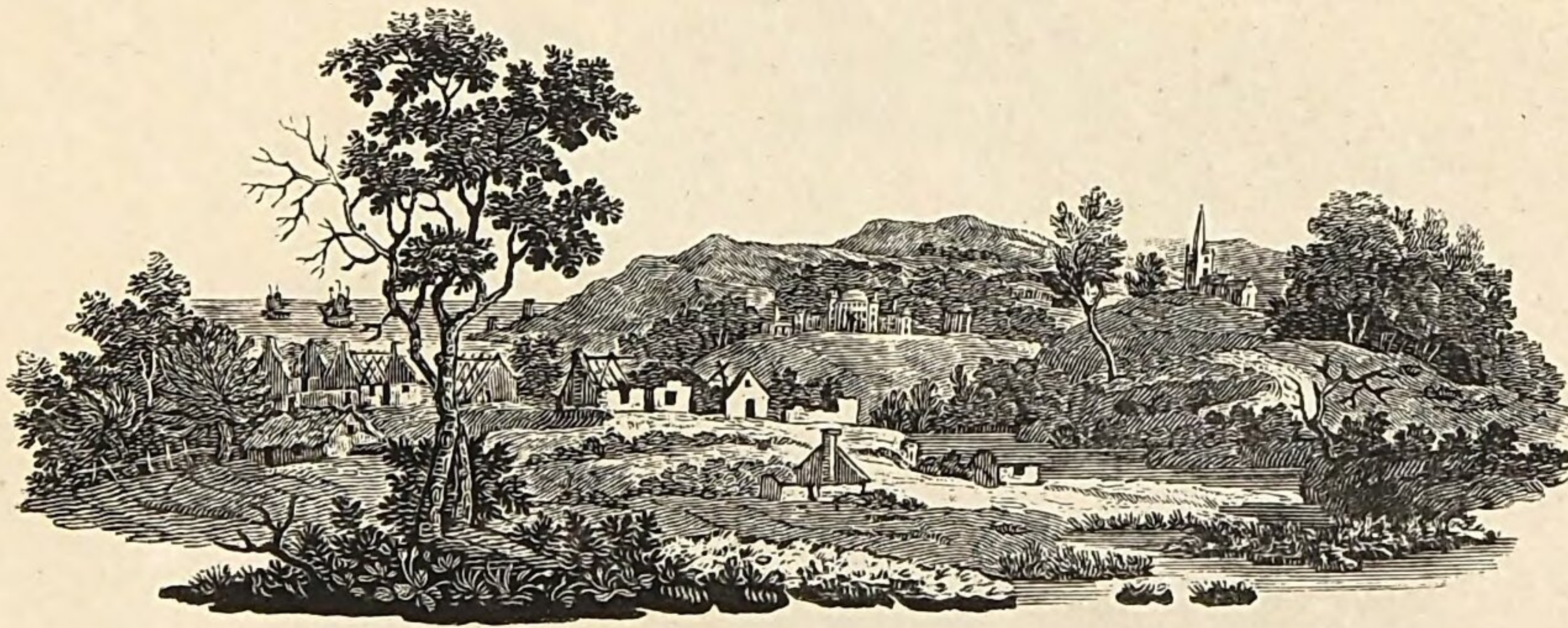
O, luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these, for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down, where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand:
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love:
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,

Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well:
Farewell; and oh! where-e'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;

That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
While, self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.



THE
HERMIT;
A
POEM.



BY
T. PARNELL, D. D.
WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HIS LIFE
BY GOLDSMITH.



THE
LIFE
OF
THOMAS PARNELL,
D. D.
ARCHDEACON OF
CLOGHER.

LIFE OF THOMAS PARNELL, D. D.

THOMAS PARNELL was descended from an ancient family, that had for some centuries been settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. His father, Thomas Parnell, who had been attached to the Commonwealth party, upon the Restoration went over to Ireland; thither he carried a large personal fortune, which he laid out in lands in that kingdom. The estates he purchased there, as also that of which he was possessed in Cheshire, descended to our poet, who was his eldest son, and they still remain in the family. Thus want, which has compelled many of our greatest men into the service of the Muses, had no influence upon Parnell; he was a poet by inclination.

He was born in Dublin, in the year 1679, and received the first rudiments of his education at the school of Dr. Jones, in that city. Surprising things are told of the greatness of his memory at that early period, as, of his being able to repeat forty lines of any book at the first reading; of his getting by heart the third book of the Iliad in one night's time, which was given him as a task, in order to confine him for some days. These stories, which are told of almost every celebrated wit, may perhaps be true; but for my part, I never found any of those prodigies of parts, although I have known enough that were desirous, among the ignorant, of being thought so.

There is one presumption, however, of the early maturity of his understanding. He was admitted a member of the college of Dublin at the age of thirteen, which is much sooner than usual, as at that university they are a great deal stricter in their examination for entrance, than either at Oxford or Cambridge. His progress through the college course of study was probably marked with but little splendour; his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logick of Burgersdicius, or the dreary subtleties

of Smiglesius; but it is certain, that as a classical scholar, few could equal him. His own compositions show this; and the deference which the most eminent men of his time paid him upon that head, put it beyond a doubt. He took the degree of Master of Arts the 9th of July, 1700; and in the same year was ordained a deacon, by Doctor W. King, Bishop of Derry, having a dispensation from the Primate, as being under 23 years of age. He was admitted into priest's orders about three years after, by the same prelate, then become Archbishop of Dublin, and on the 9th of February, 1705, he was collated by Doctor Saint George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, to the Archdeaconry of Clogher. About that time also he married Miss Anne Minchin, a young lady of great merit and beauty, by whom he had two sons, who died young; and one daughter, who was alive so late as the year 1770. His wife died some time before him, and her death is said to have made so great an impression on his spirits, that it served to hasten his own. On the 31st of May, 1716, he was presented, by his friend and patron Archbishop King, to the vicarage of Finglass, a benefice worth about 400 pounds a year, in the diocese of Dublin; but he lived to enjoy his preferment a very short time. He died at Chester, in July, 1717, on his way to Ireland, and was buried in Trinity Church in that town, without any monument to mark the place of his interment. As he died without male issue, his estate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, Baronet, whose father was younger brother to the Archdeacon, and one of the Justices of the King's Bench in Ireland.

Such is the very unpoetical detail of the life of a poet. Some dates, and some few facts, scarce more interesting than those that make the ornaments of a country tombstone, are all that remain of one, whose labours now begin to excite universal curiosity. A poet, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame

is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour.

Parnell, by what I have been able to collect from some who knew him, was the most capable man in the world to contribute to the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever very much elated or depressed; and his whole life was spent in agony or rapture. But the turbulence of those passions only affected himself, and never those about him: he knew the absurdity of his own character, and very effectually raised the mirth of his companions, as well at his vexations, as at his triumphs.

How much his company was desired, appears from the extensiveness of his connections, and the number of his friends. Even before he made any figure in the literary world, his friendship was sought by persons of every rank and party. The wits at that time differed a good deal from those, who are most eminent for their understanding at present. It would now be thought a very indifferent sign of a writer's good sense, to disclaim his private friends, for happening to be of a different party in politicks; but it was then otherwise; the Whig wits held the Tory wits in great contempt, and these retaliated in their turn. At the head of one party were Addison, Steele, and Congreve; at that of the other, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot. Parnell was a friend to both sides; and with a liberality becoming a scholar, scorned all those trifling distinctions, that are noisy for the time, and ridiculous to posterity. But he did not emancipate himself from these without some opposition from home. Having been the son of a Commonwealth's man, his Tory connections in England, gave his friends in Ireland great offence; they were much enraged to see him keep company

with Pope, and Swift, and Gay; they blamed his undistinguishing taste, and wondered what pleasure he could find in the conversation of men who approved the treaty of Utrecht, and disliked the Duke of Marlborough. His conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing; but in what its peculiar excellence consisted, is now unknown. The letters, which were written to him by his friends, are full of compliments upon his talents, as a companion, and his good nature, as a man. Indeed he took care that his friends should see him to the best advantage; for when he found his fits of spleen and uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for weeks together, approaching, he returned with all expedition to the remote parts of Ireland, and there made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction, in giving hideous descriptions of the solitude to which he retired. It is said of a famous painter, that being confined in prison for debt, his whole delight consisted in drawing the faces of his creditors in caricatura. It was just so with Parnell. From many of his unpublished pieces which I have seen, and from others that have appeared, it would seem, that scarce a bog in his neighbourhood was left without reproach, *and scarce a mountain reared its head unsung.*

But though this method of quarrelling in his poems, with his situation, served to relieve himself, yet it was not easily endured by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who did not care to confess themselves his fellow-sufferers. He received many mortifications upon that account among them; for being naturally fond of company, he could not endure to be without even theirs; which, however, among his English friends, he pretended to despise. In fact his conduct in this particular was rather splendid than wise; he had either lost the art to engage, or did not employ his skill in securing those more permanent, though more humble connections, and sacrificed for a month or two in England, a whole year's happiness by his country fireside at home.

However, what he permitted the world to see of his life was elegant and splendid; his fortune, for a poet, was very considerable, and it may easily be supposed he lived to the very extent of it. The fact is, his expences were greater than his income, and his successor found the estate somewhat impaired at his decease. As soon as ever he had collected in his annual revenues, he immediately set out for England, to enjoy the company of his dearest friends, and laugh at the more prudent world that were minding business and gaining money. The friends to whom, during the latter part of his life, he was chiefly attached, were Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Jervas, and Gay. Among these he was particularly happy, his mind was entirely at ease, and gave a loose to every harmless folly that came uppermost. Indeed it was a society, in which, of all others, a wise man might be most foolish, without incurring any danger of contempt.

Parnell is only to be considered as a poet; and the universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their great merit. He appears to me to be the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature, is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those, whom accident has blessed with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefatigable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things, which it has for some time been the fashion to admire; in writing which the poet

sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection; where the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarce tell why. Our poet, on the contrary, gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand; he is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course the reader regrets that his way has been so short: he wonders that it gave him so little trouble; and so resolves to go the journey over again.

His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He found it at that period in which it was brought to its highest pitch of refinement; and ever since his time, it has been gradually debasing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonize our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it in pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions, and the harshest constructions; vainly imagining, that the more their writings are unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry. They have adopted a language of their own, and call upon mankind for admiration. All those who do not understand them are silent, and those who make out their meaning are willing to praise, to show they understand. From these follies and affectations the poems of Parnell are entirely free; he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expressions.

LB
Cob

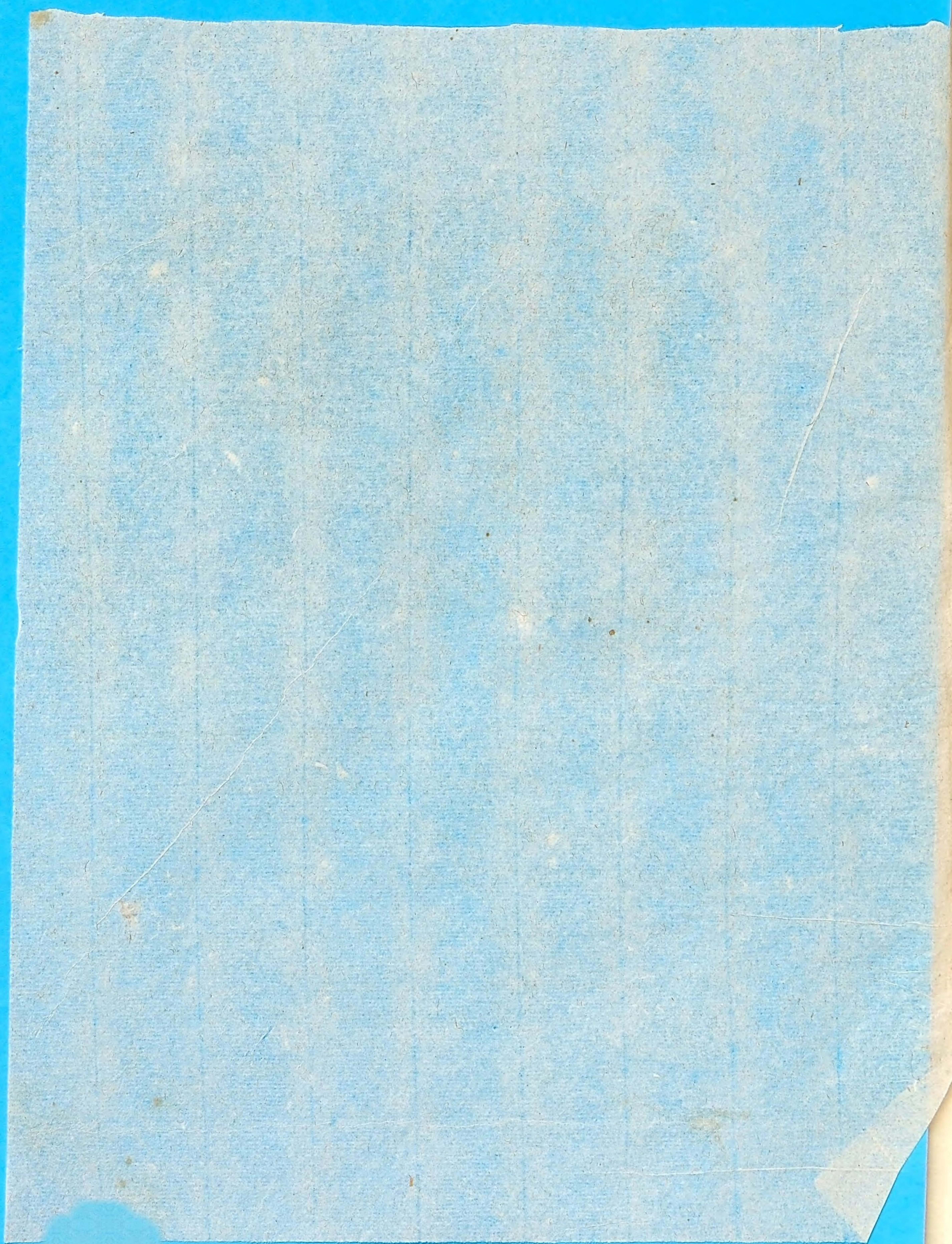


J. Johnson, del.

T. Bewick, sculp.

THE HERMIT AT HIS MORNING
DEVOTION.

*Published January 1, 1795, by William Bulmer, at the Shakspeare Printing Office,
Cleveland Row.*





THE
HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;

That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So, when a smooth expanse receives impress'd
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild, to pass ;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, father, hail! he cried,
And hail, my son, the reverend sire replied ;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceived the road ;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
When near the road a stately palace rose :
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.

It chanced, the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food;
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn; and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood, to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then pleased, and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;

His cup was vanish'd; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
Murmuring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert, scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat:
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;

Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
The nimble lightning, mix'd with showers, began,
And o'er their heads, loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest,)
Slow creaking turns the door, with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in, the shivering pair ;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour, through their limbs, recalls :
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meager wine,
Each hardly granted, served them both to dine :
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark, the pondering Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;

And why should such, within himself he cried,
Lock the lost wealth, a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought:
His partner's acts, without their cause, appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here;
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn, with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread;
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,

Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what, his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves, beneath the bending, glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,

Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
Detested wretch!——But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
The voice of musick ravish'd as he spoke:
Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life, to vice unknown,



R. Johnson, del.

T. Bewick, sculp.

THE HERMIT, ANGEL, AND GUIDE.

*Published January 1, 1795, by William Bulmer, at the
Shakspeare Printing Office, Cleveland Row.*

LB
Cob

In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine:
The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends,
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

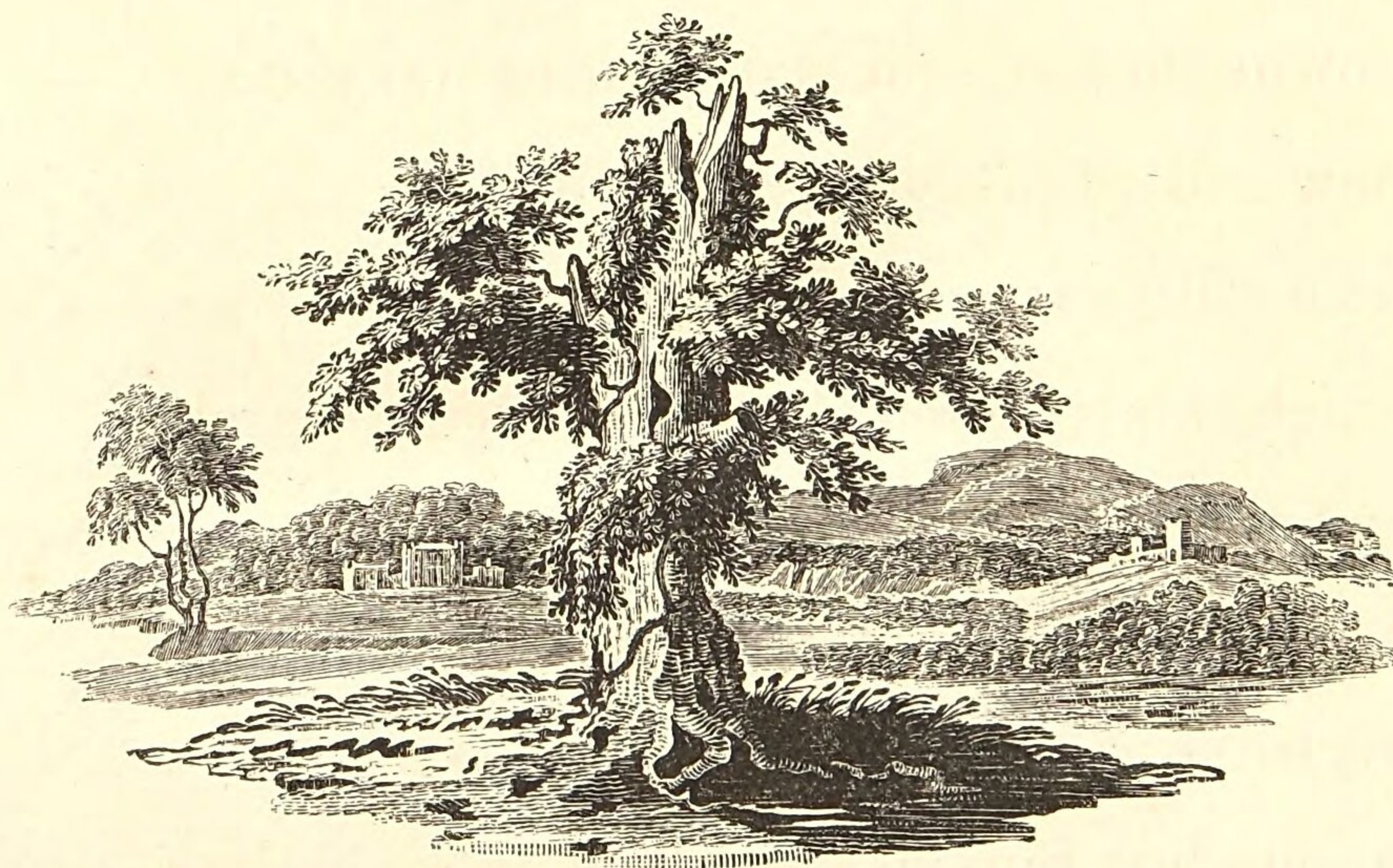
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his ivory stands, with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God ;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,

And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow:
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.
But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
“ Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.”
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass’d a life of piety and peace.



Goldsmith, Oliver,

Poems

London 1795

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